Silver Brow Atlantis

[Verse 1]
Under marble knees of sea
You move like a royal tide
Turquoise scales catch the sun
Deep blue fires in your side

Silver resting on your brow
Old as the carved white stone
Coral climbs the broken steps
You swim them like your own

[Pre-Chorus]
And the beams come down
Like a crown in the deep
You turn that water
Into a sacred street

[Chorus]
Atlantis, Atlantis
You wear the sea like gold
Atlantis, Atlantis
Your name in every fold
(Atlantis)
Through the ruins, through the glow
You pull the whole world slow

[Verse 2]
Seaweed ribbons trail behind
Like banners from a throne
Anemones in your wake
Bloom where your shadow goes

Braces shining on your wrists
Armor made of living light
Power in the quiet arc
Of your chest against the night

[Pre-Chorus]
And the beams come down
Like a crown in the deep
You turn that water
Into a sacred street

[Chorus]
Atlantis, Atlantis
You wear the sea like gold
Atlantis, Atlantis
Your name in every fold
(Atlantis)
Through the ruins, through the glow
You pull the whole world slow

[Bridge]
When the columns start to sleep
You wake the stone with grace
Every turn of that navy tail
Leaves a hymn in its place

Dark hair drifting like a tide
Loose as a prayer set free
I follow where your bright wake cuts
The oldest part of me

[Final Chorus]
Atlantis, Atlantis
You wear the sea like gold
Atlantis, Atlantis
Your name in every fold
(Atlantis)
Through the ruins, through the glow
You pull the whole world slow
(Atlantis)
Under beams of holy blue
I keep on swimming close

The Ocean Remembers

By Roger E Bissell Jr

They say a silver flame once moved
beneath the fallen throne,
a quiet king of coral halls
where no light stands alone.

His brow held ancient water's gleam,
a mark the deep still keeps;
and every turn of his royal tide
woke stone from ocean sleep.

He walked the ruins without sound;
a shadow crowned in blue;
and those who saw him swore the sea
slowed down to follow through.

No mortal knew his secret name,
nor dared to speak his grace;
but all the waves remember him—
the keeper of that place.

The Myth of Kwal Aethel

By Roger E Bissell Jr

At twenty-one, exhausted by ordinary life, a young man sits alone on a coastal rock. There he meets a boy who is not human—a merman named Lael, one of the last of his kind. Lael speaks of an ancient song the ocean still remembers: "Silver Brow Atlantis." The young man recalls a poem his grandfather once recited. When he speaks the poem aloud, the sea itself falls silent and listens.

Lael reveals the poem is about Kwal Aethel—the Deep Noble, last original king of Atlantis, known to humans as the Silver Brow. The ocean has been waiting for someone who could speak its memory without fear. The young man has been chosen. Lael warns that the path is dangerous and then vanishes, leaving the young man forever changed.

Years pass. The calling grows stronger through dreams of sunken marble halls, a navy tail, and a silver flame on an ancient brow. The ocean leaves a living shell on the shore as a physical sign. Guided by the shell's pulse and strange coincidences, the young man researches Atlantis until the day the shell glows and whispers that the time has come.

He enters the sea and discovers he can breathe underwater. Currents carry him farther than any human has ever gone. He passes through living coral corridors, hears the ancient song for the first time, and meets the first guardian. At last the full ruins of Atlantis rise before him—vast, luminous, and alive.

In the throne chamber the old king, Kwal Aethel the Second, appears. He has waited centuries. The shell awakens, revealing itself as a vessel of memory. The young man is led into the Hall of Echoes. There the ocean begins transforming him. Scales form, legs merge into a powerful silver-blue tail, and a silver flame kindles on his brow.

Lael returns as witness. The young man speaks the ceremonial name and chooses to become Kwal Aethel the Third. The old king passes the full lineage of memories—centuries of kings, songs, and secrets—into the new heir. The ocean learns his dual identity: to the Originals he is the Third; to all other merfolk he is the living, ongoing Kwal Aethel.

The old king's final words are of gentleness and listening. He returns to the deep. Alone with Lael, the new king takes his first swim. Coral lights at his passage. Currents celebrate. In a hidden chamber the ocean itself speaks a prophecy meant only for him: three kings of the Silver Brow—the first awakens, the second carries the flame, the third unites what was divided, heals what was forgotten, and finds what the ocean misplaced.

Lael answers the new king's questions about the many factions of merfolk, their varied origins, and the unique authority of the Atlantean Originals. He adds one final truth: the factions have drifted apart, and the young man was chosen precisely to bring them together.

The first tale ends with the deep at peace and the new king rising. Lael promises that other currents, other mysteries, and the next book await.

The ocean has found its living flame.
Kwal Aethel has awoken.